EERIE
#39
APRIL 1972

68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢ 56320-6

INTRODUCING DAX THE WARRIOR...

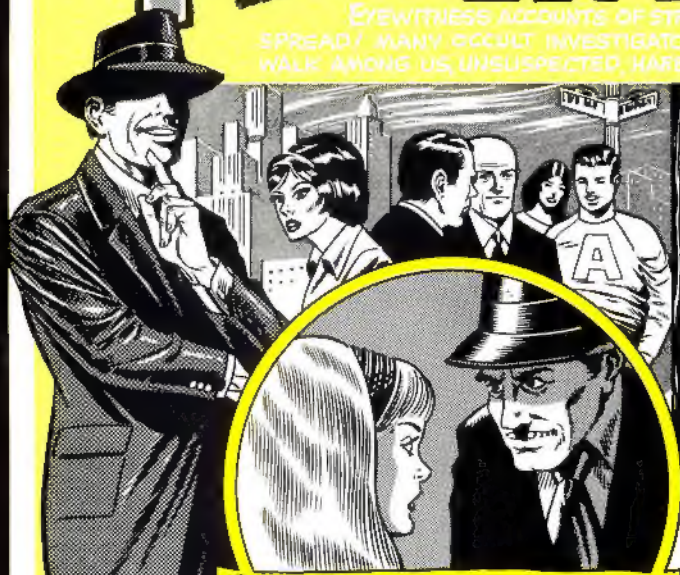
A NEW AND DIFFERENT SWORD AND SORCERY SERIES STARTING THIS ISSUE!

ALONE HE WALKS THE CITY STREETS...
EVIL INCARNATE, in "THE DISENFRANCHISED" Page 21

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER

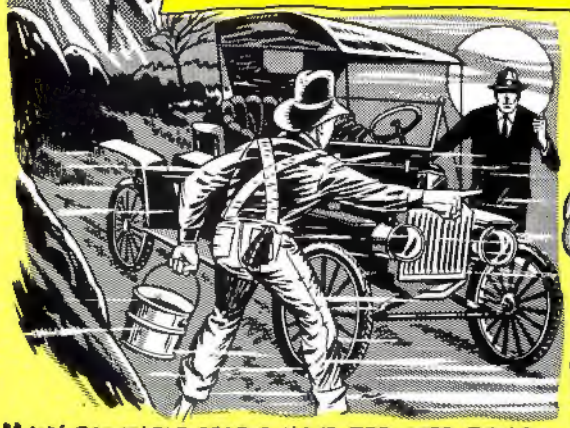
EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY OF THE MYSTERIOUS MEN IN BLACK!

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS OF STRANGE MEN DRESSED IN BLACK ARE WIDESPREAD! MANY OCCULT INVESTIGATORS BELIEVE THAT MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS WALK AMONG US, UNSUSPECTED, HARBORING SINISTER DESIGNS FOR EARTH!!



PEOPLE WHO HAVE SPOKEN WITH THESE STRANGERS ALMOST ALWAYS DESCRIBE AN ACCENT UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD! THEY SAY THAT THE STRANGERS ASK QUESTIONS WITH OBVIOUS ANSWERS...OBVIOUS TO ANYONE ALIVE IN THE 20TH CENTURY!

ONE WINTER IN WELSH, WEST VIRGINIA, AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN WHO WAS UNDERDRESSED FOR THE SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER, VISITED THE CITY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICES TO INQUIRE ABOUT RECENT U.F.O. SIGHTINGS IN THE AREA. THE NEWSMAN REPORTED THAT THE STRANGER SEEMED FASCINATED WITH A BALLPOINT PEN AS IF HE HAD NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE AND THAT THE THIRD FINGERS OF HIS HAND WERE A FULL ONE INCH LONGER THAN THE OTHERS!



MANY REPUTABLE PEOPLE HAVE REPORTED BEING STOPPED BY MYSTERIOUS MEN IN BLACK FOR ROAD DIRECTIONS! REPORTS INDICATE THAT THEY DRIVE BRAND-NEW MODEL-T FORDS, RIGHT DOWN TO THE CRISP SMELL OF NEW INTERIOR UPHOLSTERY.

FINALLY, THERE ARE REPORTS WHICH LINK THEM WITH U.F.O.'S. ARE THESE WEIRD MEN FROM SPACE OR FROM SOME OTHER TIME? WHY ARE THEY IMMUNE TO THE WEATHER? WHERE DO THE ANTIQUE CARS COME FROM? DO THEY WALK AMONG US...EVEN NOW?

ART BY RICHARD BASSFORD / STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

EERIE

NO. 39

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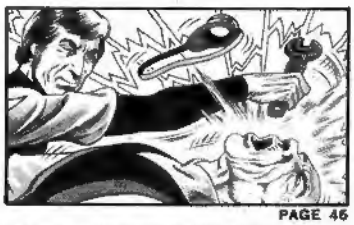
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"I may never get a decent night's sleep again!"

Nobody loves a crank, but still I've got to protest EERIE #37. It was one of the weakest issues I can remember and I doubt I've missed a one! There wasn't one good story in the book. It was all filler.

MICHAEL N. TIERSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EERIE, I've been a fan of yours for years. Everytime I latch on to the new EERIE, I pass it around at school. I've got everyone reading EERIE. You wouldn't know where I could get a good pair of fangs, would you?

HANS HAHR
Johnsbury, Vt.

Not offhand, Hans. Sorry.

Just a few comments about EERIE #37. Enrich's cover was magnificent. He and Sanjulian are now my favorite cover artists! The inside material was so-so. Keep artist Jaime Brocal at all costs as he's fantastic!

RICHARD CHARRON
Canada

Most of your issues are quite good and EERIE #37 was no exception. I very much liked all of the stories except "Dethslaker." Who wants to see two idiots dressed like Robin Hood anyway? "The Other Side of Atlantis" read like a tourist commercial. Wish you would run more stories about vampires! That way you'll beat Uncle Creep-face by a mile.

JOEL MATTHEWS
Great Bend, Pa.

EERIE #37 was horrific! I loved "A Rush of Wings" but the end was a little obvious. You should run longer stories. Give plots room to develop. Do everything in color. Love the EERIE covers! They're the greatest! Keep up the good work, Cousin EERIE.

DANIE PARENT
Grandby, Mass.

Guess what? I'm new to the ranks of horror magazine readers and after buying EERIE #37, it's clear that EERIE has got to be the best book going! "The Ones Who Stole It From You" was absolutely great. There was only one thing that mystified me about the story. Did Nathan Prine live or not? I've got to know or I may never get a decent night's sleep again!

MARK WEINTRAUB
Bronx, N.Y.

You must be bleary-eyed by now from lack of sleep. Sorry I can't come up with an answer as the story leaves that to the reader to decide.

Congrats on EERIE #37! One of the best issues I've ever seen! I especially enjoyed "The Other Side of Atlantis." Hang on to Jaime Brocal as he is a fine artist.

JOE CALCHI
Howard Beach, N.Y.

I've just started reading EERIE and I really dig it! Only one thing bothers me. Most of your subscription and order blanks appear on the opposite side of a story so if you cut the coupon out, you hurt the story. Ideas?

DAVID TERRY
Tulsa, Okla.

Well for one thing David, we've moved the subscription order form to p. 67 as of this issue. For another thing, we've also added previews on p. 67.

Just latched on to a copy of EERIE #37 and I must congratulate writer Douglas Moench and artist Ernie Colon for "Dethslaker."

MONTE BEAUCHAMP
Moline, Ill.

The cover of EERIE #37 was great. More by Enrich! I really liked all of the stories except for "The Other Side of Atlantis." It was pretty good but not really up to par. Do more stories about mummies!

MARK HOFFMAN
Seminole, Fla.

Every issue of EERIE should feature at least one Science Fiction story. Otherwise, your book gets monotonous like EERIE #36. More Science Fiction!

GARY WHITE
Jackson, Miss.

Our last view of lawyer Nathan Prine in "The Ones Who Stole It From You" in EERIE #37. Did he survive the cemetery?

Every story in EERIE #36 was great! EERIE, your book is a thousand times better than Uncle Creepy's. "Look What They've Done!" was one of the best stories ever! You're tops in my book, Cousin EERIE.

BARRY PAITSEL
Roanoke, Vt.

Best story in EERIE #37 was "Horror at Hamilton House" by Lynn Marron. Didn't much care for "Dethslaker."

KEVIN BOLES
San Mateo, Ca.

As I'm a "Famous Monsters of Filmland" reader, I rarely read any of your horror comics. However, I just read a copy of EERIE #30 and I was terribly impressed. I used to think horror comics were kids stuff but they're not! Count me in as a regular EERIE, Creepy and Vampirella reader.

MIKE RYAN
Ontario, Canada

I feel I must commend you on EERIE #37 It takes quite a lot for me to write a letter but your cover story, "The Ones Who Stole It From You" was so very magnificent that my writing you was the least I could do. Auraleon's artwork was phenomenal. He created just the precise mood.

JOHN D. ELLIOTT
Coral Gables, Fla.

The cover of EERIE #37 was one of your best yet! "The Ones Who Stole It From You" started out great but ended up a dud. The scene in the cemetery really bogged things down. The story was much too long and could easily have run in 8 pages. Drawing a parallel between a ghoul who lives on human flesh and people who emotionally live on other people strikes me as slightly absurd. I suppose this was the writer's way of dragging in social relevance, but he failed. Author Don McGregor succeeded quite well in Creepy #40 with his piece "The Fade-Away Walk" but his work in EERIE #37 didn't fare quite as well. The story "A Rush of Wings" by Larry Herndon in EERIE #37 was quite good. The ending caught me totally off guard. That final scene picturing the huge butterfly was a shocker! "Dethslaker" was fairly predictable. I'm not too much of a fan of Ernie Colon's artwork. In closing, I'd like to say that the great EERIE of years past is back! All original art! Good stories & great artists!

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

"Oh, Brother!" in EERIE #36 was great! The art on "Prototype" could have been a lot better.

BARRY W. ARTHUR
Richmond, Va.

AT LAST! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

ANNOUNCING THE **NEW EERIE FAN CLUB!**

MEMBERSHIP CARD

JOIN NOW! Get your 8½" x 11" portrait of Cousin Eerie by comics genius Richard Corben, PLUS Club Badge, PLUS Individually-Numbered Membership Card!! Send $1.25 with the coupon below:

FULL COLOR-PIN

EERIE FAN CLUB
P.O. Box 430
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Enclosed is my $1.25

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"You're not going to drag out that old werewolf routine again, are you?"

It may just be my imagination but I really thought the lawyer in "Horror at Hamilton House" in EERIE #37 looked suspiciously like Uncle Creepy.

PETER HARDY
Chapel Hill, N.C.

It was probably just a lookalike, poor soul, as I wouldn't let that old sour ball Creepy appear in any of my stories unless he was getting decapitated.

Reader Peter Hardy sees a Creepy look-alike in the old lawyer from "Horror at Hamilton House" in EERIE #37.

A while back, I wrote you regarding the cover of EERIE #35. **(See EERIE #37, p. 4—ed.)** I wanted to write you again about your covers. As you know, some people form an opinion of a magazine just by looking at the cover. Now I don't mind a cover which pictures a rabid vampire or a slobbering werewolf but lately, your covers have featured scantily-clad girls in invented horror situations. You must realize that most readers of Warren comics have parents who are concerned about their children's reading matter. Which is why I'm sure many readers shied away from EERIE #35.

RON SAPP
Dover, Del.

Thanks for writing, Ron, as we appreciate your concern. Reader Sapp isn't the only concerned party. EERIE author Greg Potter whose last story, "The Trap" appeared in EERIE #36, wrote us recently concerning the same thing. Said Potter, "I'm glad you've decided to tone down on sex in your magazines. I've always believed that it detracted from your main goal: horror! After all, the first ten or fifteen issues of Creepy and EERIE got along pretty well without sex and they were beautiful."

I was shocked by EERIE #37. I subscribed to read horror stories. If I wanted to see nudity, I would have subscribed to Playboy. As you know, a lot of parents object to that sort of thing. I realize that a lot of people like nudity but does it really belong in EERIE? Does nudity help a plot?

RENNIE MIROLLO
New York, N.Y.

Guess not, Rennie. Not unless the plot concerns a nudist camp.

EERIE #37 was sensational. "The Other Side of Atlantis" was superb put placed second to "The Ones Who Stole It From You" which has to be one of the most unusal stories I have ever read, bar none!

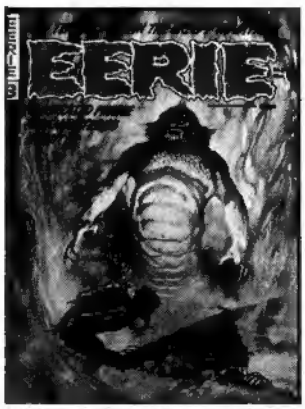
BARBARA RAINER
Quebec, Canada

EERIE #37 was quite good. The blood, gore and sex were done with restraint and taste. Very much enjoyed the story "Dethslaker" and think that Zarthon is an excellent character. He should be utilized again. Try and cut down on obvious social relevance in allegories. Run longer, more thoughtful letters. Finally, I must congratulate writer Don McGregor for a beautifully written story in "The Ones Who Stole It From You."

JOHN SANT
Boston, Mass.

Just discovered that the cover of EERIE #3 is like a psychedelic poster when shown in black lights. It's cool!

ELAINE HAWKINS
Elkhart, Indiana



Under black light, the cover of EERIE #3 looks psychedelic, says reader Elaine Hawkins.

Though I didn't really care for all the stories in EERIE #37, the artwork throughout was superb! "The Ones Who Stole It From You" and "A Rush of Wings" stood out as the best illustrated stories. The others were well drawn but disappointing. Cousin EERIE, I thank you for a great magazine.

JOHN BURBAGE
Lakeland, Fla.

You're welcome, John. Not that I'm content to rest on my laurels like doorknob lookalike Creepy.

Just finished reading EERIE #36. Instead of going on about your feud with Uncle Creepy, I'll get right to the point. All around, EERIE #36 was slightly below your already poor average. Although the cover art was good, the cover itself was below par. "Prototype" by Steve Skeates made no sense whatsoever! The very best story was "Look What They've Done!"

BILL RICHMOND
Seminole, Okla.

Glad you liked something.

Just started reading EERIE. My first pick was EERIE #36. The artwork, particularly by L. M. Roca on "The Trap," was excellent. Really liked Kain Kinkaid's hand on the cover.

DAN CENTRELLA
Middletown, N.J.

EERIE #37 was quite good in the art department, except for Ernie Colon's work on "Dethslaker." Luckily you have some great artists as the stories haven't been that good recently. While interesting, "The Ones Who Stole It From You" was way too long and not terribly spectacular. If only you would improve your stories, you'd have a great book. It's okay by me if you run Science Fiction and Sword and Sorcery stories, however space them out between issues.

DANIEL LOUIE
Baldwin, N.Y.

Although I only have a few issues of EERIE, it looks to me like you have a good thing going. EERIE #36 was pretty good. While looking over the contents page, the title "Bad Moon on the Rise!" caught my eye. "Oh, no," I thought. "They're not gonna drag out the old werewolf bit again, are they?" To my surprise, the story was fairly good. The only thing wrong with the piece was that the story was a little watery. "Prototype" wasn't particularly original. Liked "Oh, Brother!" It left you wondering, "What if—?"

BILL PARKER
Greenville, S.C.

Yeah. Like what if that sorry excuse for a door jamb, Uncle Creepy, hadn't been crushed by that steam roller.

Now that I've read EERIE #36, it looks to me like you're trying to re-capture that great EERIE of long time past. Some of your old masters are gone but your new men are almost equal to the old pros. You are proving that EERIE is once again a great publication.

JEFF KADISH
S. Windsor. Conn.

After debating with myself long and hard over which of the Warren books to subscribe to, I decided on EERIE. Just read EERIE #36 and the cover was great! Especially liked "Bad Moon on the Rise!" and "Crocodile."

ALAN BEASLEY
Dayton, Ohio

Glad you decided on subscribing to EERIE rather than those other flea-bag rags they offer. EERIE's tops!

"The Silence and the Sleep" in EERIE #36 was the worst story in the whole issue. The first EERIE I ever bought was the EERIE 1972 ANNUAL.

TOMMY DAVIS
Wilmington, Dela.

What's wrong with you, EERIE? Let's have more stories like "The Trap" in EERIE #36. Only scarier! C'mon, EERIE. Give us more ghouls and vampires. I thought EERIE was a horror magazine!

SCOTT BENSON
Elk Grove, Ill.

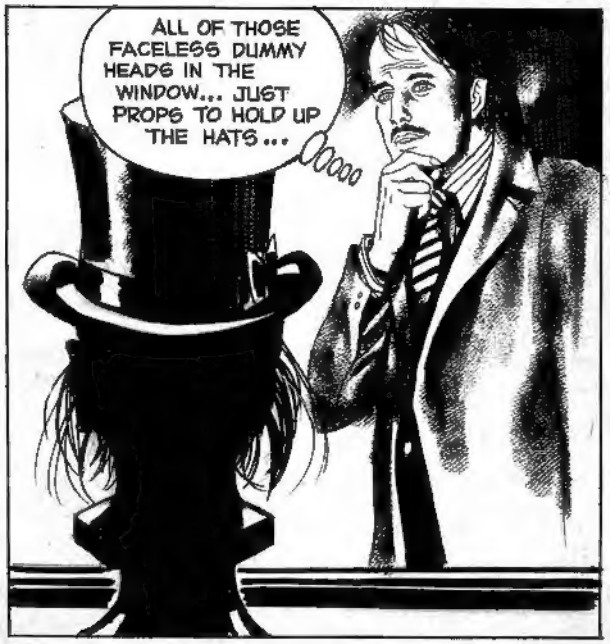
It is! Booga! Booga!

WRITE EERIE AND TELL HIM WHAT YOU THINK. WRITE TO:
DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME ROUTINE FOR CHRISTOPHER DUCEY... THE BORING WALK FROM HIS HOUSE TO THE BUS STOP, THE LONG UNEVENTFUL RIDE TO THE OFFICE THE ENDLESS DRUDGERY OF OFFICE TRIVIA. NO WONDER INSIGNIFICANT THINGS ALONG THE WAY BEGAN TO CATCH HIS EYE...

HEAD SHOP

THAT'S AN ODD ONE. REALLY ODD.



ART BY JOSE M. BEA / STORY BY DON GLUT

HOPING THE HONEST OPINION OF A PASSER-BY MIGHT SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS UNUSUAL DISCOVERY...

WHAT'S A MATTER, BUDDY? YOU SOME KINDA *NUT*? *BACKOFF*?

BUT SIR, I JUST WANTED TO...

EXCUSE ME, SIR. BUT WOULD YOU MIND TAKING A CLOSE LOOK AT THIS PROP HEAD? I--

HUH--?

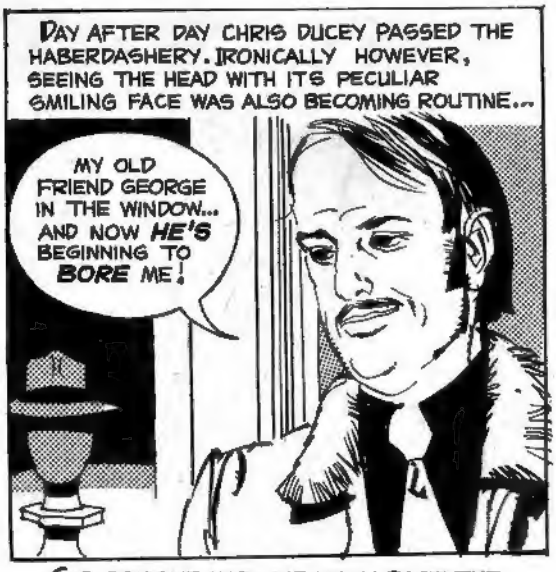
THE STRANGER ROUGHLY PUSHED CHRISTOPHER ASIDE...

ALMOST LATE FOR WORK, CHRIS GLANCED BACK AT THE HEAD IN THE WINDOW AND HURRIED TO THE BUS STOP.

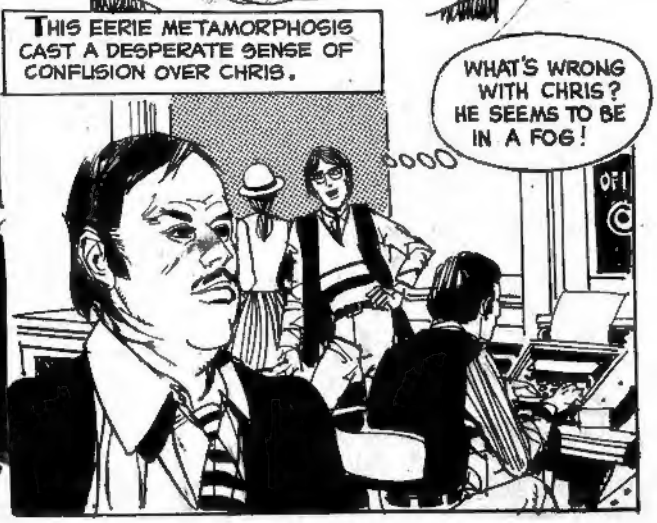
STILL, I WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO EXAMINE THAT HEAD. IT'S A GREAT ADVERTISING GIMMICK... REALLY CATCHES YOUR EYE.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FACE...SO LIFE-LIKE. OH, WELL...I GUESS IT WOULD COST TOO MUCH FOR THE SHOP OWNER TO DISPLAY ALL OF HIS HATS WITH DUMMIES LIKE THAT.

THOUGH HE TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS WORK, CHRIS' THOUGHTS ALWAYS RETURNED TO THE HEAD IN THE HABERDASHERY WINDOW. HE ALMOST LOOKED FORWARD TO RETURNING HOME FROM THE BUS STOP.



SO ROUTINE HAD THE WALK PAST THE SHOP BECOME THAT CHRIS DUCEY HAD NOT GIVEN THE HEAD A CLOSE INSPECTION IN DAYS.



CHRIS KNEW THAT HE SHOULD CALL THE POLICE. AND YET, A CONVICTION DEEP INSIDE HIM FOUGHT AGAINST THE REALITY OF THIS NIGHTMARE. IF HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT HIMSELF WHY SHOULD THE POLICE?!?

AT THE OFFICE, THE TENSION INCREASED. CHRIS COULD NOT THINK OF HIS WORK...
CAN'T GET MY MIND OFF IT! IF ONLY I COULD TALK ABOUT IT TO SOMEONE...
DUCEY!!!
Y-YES, S-SIR?
DUCEY... YOU'VE BEEN IN A DAZE ALL WEEK! SNAP OUT OF IT, BOY! YOU'VE GOT A GOOD HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
A GOOD HEAD... A GOOD HEAD, YOU SAY! YES! A GOOD HEAD! YES, SIR! HAHAHA! EXACTLY, A GOOD HEAD!
AT THE END OF HIS CONVALESCENCE, CHRIS HAD STILL NOT FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE HEAD. BUT THE REST DID SOME GOOD... AND SOON HE THOUGHT IT TIME TO RETURN TO WORK.
MAYBE IF I WALK BY THE SHOP... AND LOOK INTO THE WINDOW... THERE WON'T BE ANY HEAD...
HE'S HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! I THINK MR. DUCEY SHOULD SPEND THE NEXT WEEK AT HOME ... RECUPERATING FROM WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S BEEN AFFECTING HIM!
MAYBE IT'LL ALL TURN OUT TO BE A BAD DREAM... GOD IN HEAVEN!!!
WHAT IS IT? MY GOD!! IT'S DISGUSTING!

SUDDENLY CHRIS DUCEY FELT HEROIC--OR CRAZY. HE HAD TO END THE TORMENT. HOLDING HIS UNSTEADY STOMACH, HE RUSHED INTO THE HABERDASHERY. THE PROPRIETOR'S SURPRISED EYES FLASHED UP AT HIM.

YES, SIR? MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?

YES, PERHAPS YOU CAN!

DON'T YOU REALIZE...THAT THERE'S A ***REAL HUMAN HEAD*** IN YOUR WINDOW... AND IT'S (CHOKE!) ***ROTTING?!!!***

IN MY WINDOW? A HUMAN HEAD?

BUT... YOU'RE RIGHT! IT ***IS ROTTING!*** HOW ABSENT-MINDED OF ME AND HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU!

IT'S ABOUT TIME...

...I GOT A NEW ONE!

SLASSHHHHH! KATHUDDDDDD!

THE NEXT MORNING USHERED IN JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DAY... ANOTHER PASSER-BY, STRUCK BY THE STRANGELY REAL HUMAN HEAD IN THE HABERDASHERY WINDOW...

HMMMMM... NOW THAT'S A STRANGE ONE, FOR YOU.

CHRIS SHOULD HAVE QUIT WHILE HE WAS ***AHEAD!*** CLOTHES MAY MAKE THE MAN BUT THEY CERTAINLY UNDID CHRISTOPHER!

PROLOGUE

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*?

MY *CLOTHES!* THEY DON'T *FIT* ME ANYMORE! THEY'RE TOO *BIG!*

I JUST *MEASURED* MYSELF! I *USED* TO BE OVER SIX FEET TALL! NOW I'M NOT *EVEN* SIX FEET! I'M--

YES! I'VE SEEN IT HAPPENING AND I'VE REFUSED TO ADMIT IT TO MYSELF. IT'S STARTED!

I'VE PRAYED IT WAS JUST MY *IMAGINATION!* BUT--

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? *WHAT'S* WRONG, MOTHER? WHAT'S STARTED?

YOU'RE GOING TO *LEAVE* ME! JUST AS YOUR *FATHER...* LEFT ME!

HE *SAID* YOU WOULD LEAVE ME... WHEN THE TIME CAME...

IT'S...IT'S SOME SORT OF *CURSE!* YOUR *FATHER* WAS CURSED...AND YOUR *CHILDREN* WILL BE!

I'VE PRAYED THAT THIS DAY WOULD *NEVER COME!* BUT... BUT NOW THAT IT HAS, IT WILL BE WITH YOU *ALWAYS!*

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT ARE YOU *SAYING?*

YOU NEVER TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT *FATHER!* WHY NOT?

I *DON'T KNOW...*

I SOMETIMES THINK THAT HE WAS... A *GOD!*

HUNH?...

JUST PASSING THROUGH

ART BY AURALEON / STORY BY STEVE SKEATES

ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY WHICH LEADS FROM CORBY TO SEBASTIAN NOT FAR FROM THE SMALL DESERT TOWN OF PUCE FALLS, THERE IS A LONG DIRT ROAD WHICH LEADS OFF THE HIGHWAY AND DISAPPEARS OVER THE HORIZON. THIS IS OLD JACK'S SEVEN AND A HALF MILE DRIVEWAY.

AS OLD JACK TELLS IT, EARLY ONE TUESDAY, AS HE WAS COMING DOWN THIS DIRT ROAD, MAKING HIS REGULAR, BI-WEEKLY TRIP INTO PUCE FALLS TO BUY SUPPLIES, HE AND HIS OLD JEEP PASSED THROUGH A STRANGE FOG. AT THE TIME, HE PAID IT LITTLE MIND.

LATE THAT NIGHT, AS HE WAS RETURNING WITH SUPPLIES, HE AGAIN PASSED THROUGH THE FOG IN THE SAME PLACE AS BEFORE. IT SEEMED THICKER NOW, BUT AGAIN HE PAID IT LITTLE MIND.

TWO WEEKS PASSED. OLD JACK SPENT HIS TIME WORKING IN HIS SMALL GARDEN, CARING FOR HIS ANIMALS.

THEN, ONE DAY RETURNING FOR SUPPLIES HE REACHED THAT SPOT. AND STOPPED SUDDENLY... FOR THE FOG HAD BECOME SOMETHING SOLID...

A HUGE FOOT... NOT COMPLETELY SOLID, ALMOST AS IF MIRAGE. JACK STRAINED HIS HEAD BACKWARDS TRYING TO TAKE IN AS MUCH AS HE COULD. THE GIANT SEEMED TRANSLUCENT, HAZY, AND CLOUDS SEEMED TO PASS THROUGH HIS HEAD.
GOOD GOD!
TRYING HARD TO COLLECT HIMSELF JACK MADE A U-TURN...
GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS!
I'LL... I'LL GO BACK TO THE CABIN. I'LL BE SAFE THERE! MY SUPPLIES WILL LAST A FEW MORE DAYS!

DAYS PASSED...THEN...

I'M RUNNING LOW ON SUPPLIES!

I DON'T PLAN TO STARVE!

GIANT OR NO GIANT, I GOTTA GO IN AND BUY ME SOME SUPPLIES!

HIS FOOT'S MOVED! IT'S NO LONGER BLOCKING THE ROAD!

HE FLOORED THE GAS PEDAL, SPEEDING PAST THAT AWESOME SIGHT...

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! HIS HEAD'S NO LONGER UP IN THE CLOUDS! AND HE DON'T LOOK AS HAZY AS HE DID BEFORE!

I'D SWEAR HE WAS BIGGER BEFORE! HE MUSTA SHRUNK!

MAYBE HE DIDN'T MOVE HIS FOOT! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM MOVE AT ALL! MAYBE HE CAN'T MOVE!

COULD BE THAT HIS FOOT IS JUST SMALLER ...LIKE IT WAS PULLED OUTTA THE ROAD BY THE PROCESS OF SHRINKING!

THE PEOPLE OF PUCE FALLS WERE SURPRISED TO SEE OLD JACK IN TOWN ON A FRIDAY, AND WHEN THEY ASKED HIM ABOUT IT, HE TOLD THEM THE WHOLE STORY...

I'M TELLING YOU IT'S TRUE! THERE'S A GIANT UP THERE!

COME OFF IT, JACK! WE'VE HEARD TALL TALES BEFORE, BUT YOU'RE TOO MUCH!

DEPRESSED... JACK DROVE HOME THAT EVENING...

SO THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME! WHO CARES?

THAT GIANT HASN'T CAUSED ME ANY TROUBLE! IT'S NO SCAB OFF MY NOSE!

BUT, THOUGH THEY HAD ACCUSED OLD JACK OF MANUFACTURING TALL TALES, A FEW PUCE FALLS RESIDENTS WERE STILL A BIT CURIOUS. THEY WENT OUT TO HAVE A LOOK FOR THEMSELVES...
OH MY GOD!
AND, OF COURSE, WHEN THEY GOT BACK, THEY TOO WERE LAUGHED AT...
HA HA HA HA!
EVEN THE EDITOR OF THE PUCE FALLS EXAMINER CAME OUT FOR A LOOK...
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
BUT, FIGURING THAT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HIM, HE DECIDED NOT TO PRINT THE STORY... AND INSTEAD WROTE A LONG EDITORIAL ABOUT TAX REFORM...
AND SO, THE MAJORITY OF THE PUCE FALLS RESIDENTS REMAINED UNAWARE OF THE GIANT ON TOP OF OLD CRAG PEAK...

ANOTHER TWO WEEKS PASSED... AND OLD JACK WAS AGAIN ON ANOTHER OF HIS REGULAR TRIPS, WHEN...

HE'S GONE!

THANK GOD!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!... FOOTPRINTS!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD PUCE FALLS!

I TRIED TO WARN THEM!

NO TELLING WHAT KIND OF DESTRUCTION THAT CREATURE HAS CAUSED!

GOTTA GO THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED!

AND ONCE OLD JACK REACHED THE TOWN...

THE GIANT! WHERE IS HE? WHAT HAS HE DONE?

GIANT?

OH, YOU MUST MEAN THE STRANGER! IT'S THE STRANGEST THING--HE CAME WALKING INTO TOWN A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, NAKED AS A JAYBIRD! HE MUST BE OVER SEVEN FEET TALL!

NAW, I WAS LOOKING AT HIM TODAY! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE OVER SIX FOOT!

HE GOT HIMSELF A JOB AT THE FEED STORE, SO'S HE COULD BUY HIMSELF SOME CLOTHES, AND GET A PLACE TO STAY!

HE SAID HE WAS POWERFUL HUNGRY!

?

MARYLOU FIRST SAW THE STRANGER IN THE LOCAL BAR. HE WAS NEARLY SIX FEET TALL. IT WAS SELDOM THAT A STRANGER CAME TO PUCE FALLS, ESPECIALLY ONE AS YOUNG AND HANDSOME AS THIS ONE.

THEY STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION, THERE IN THE PUCE FALLS SALOON, AND FINALLY...

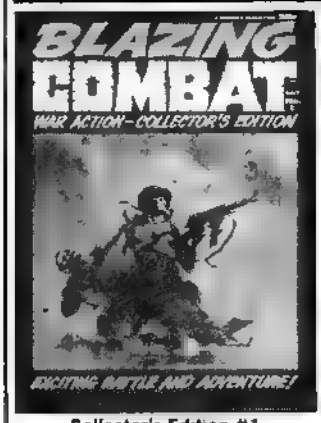
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH ME?

WELL, I--

C'MON!

BUT...THAT NEXT MORNING...
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU'RE SHORTER THAN YESTERDAY!
NOW YOU'RE NO TALLER THAN I AM!
I'M LEAVING YOU!... JUST AS HE WILL ONE DAY LEAVE YOU!
HE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE STRANGER DID NOT ANSWER. HE COULD THINK OF NO WAY TO EXPLAIN SO HE TURNED AND LEFT. HE WAS LESS THAN FIVE FEET TALL, AS HE WALKED AWAY, ALONE...
AND LESS THAN THREE FEET TALL BY THE TIME HE REACHED OLD CRAG PEAK...
I ENTERED THIS WORLD HERE! I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE! FROM HERE AS WELL.
SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, MARYLOU LEARNED SHE WAS PREGNANT...
I WANT TO HAVE IT!
I'M NOT JUST KIDDING MYSELF! I LOVED THAT MAN! AND HE LOVED ME! BUT SOMETHING MADE HIM LEAVE ME!
SURE WISH I KNEW WHERE HE WENT!
NOW YOU SEE HIM, NOW YOU DON'T! WELL, EVERYBODY HAS THEIR UPS AND DOWNS! GUESS OLD GIANTS DON'T DIE. THEY JUST FADE AWAY.

NOW! GET THESE ACTION COMIC COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!!



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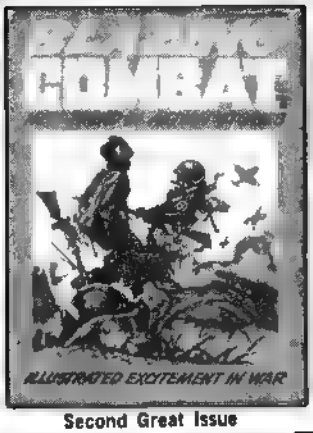

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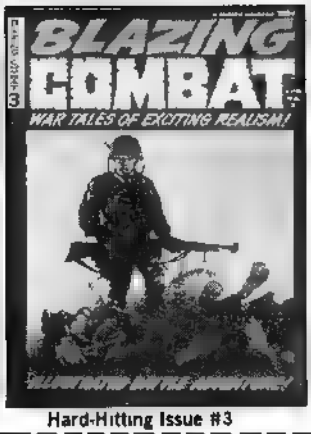

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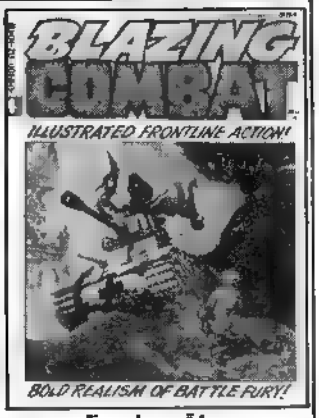

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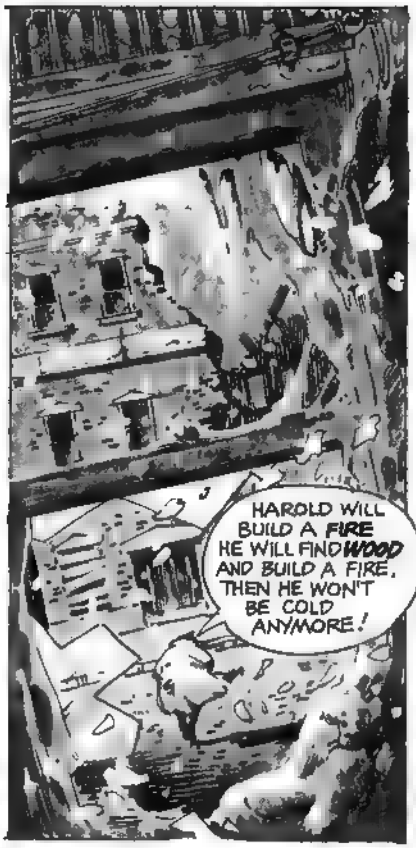
ART BY TOM SUTTON / STORY BY J. R. COCHRAN

YOU WANTED EVERYTHING, DIDN'T YOU? YOU WERE FAMISHED. YOU DIDN'T CARE! YOU LEFT HAROLD NOTHING!
OLSEN'S MEAT MARKET
BUT HAROLD REMEMBERS. HAROLD KNOWS HOW TO DEFEND HIMSELF. YOU WON'T TAKE ANYMORE FROM HAROLD!
HAROLD REMEMBERS EVERYTHING. YOU THINK HE'S FORGOTTEN, BUT HE HASN'T. HAROLD REMEMBERS HOW YOU TOOK WHAT WAS HIS AND BROKE IT... LIKE THIS!!
YOU GAVE HAROLD THIS GRIN. HE WAS ONLY A CHILD AND HE WAS SO SCARED HIS MOUTH FROZE. YOU DID THIS TO HAROLD! DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN? HAROLD DOES
HAROLD REMEMBERS...
OLSEN'S MEAT MARKET
IT WAS A HAPPY PLACE, MY FATHER'S BUTCHER SHOP. HE ALWAYS WANTED THE BEST FOR HIS CUSTOMERS.
MRS. MISHKIN IS HERE, HAROLD. GIVE HER THREE-QUARTERS OF A POUND OF OUR BEST CALVE'S LIVER... HOW ARE YOUR CATS, MRS. MISHKIN?
LITTLE TOBY'S A REAL MINX, MR. OLSEN. SHE'S ALWAYS TEARING AT THE DRAPES. I CAN'T GET HER TO QUIT WITH THE DRAPES. SHE'S ALWAYS UP AND DOWN THEM!
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH CATS, MRS. MISHKIN. THEY'RE ALWAYS SHARPENING THEIR CLAWS ON SOMETHING!
IS THAT THE BEST YOU GOT, HAROLD? MRS. MISHKIN'S CATS HERE... THEY DON'T EAT NOTHING BUT THE BEST!
WHAT ABOUT YOUR STORE? THEY GONNA TAKE AWAY YOUR STORE? ALL THE TIME, THE KIDS SAY, "POWER TO THE PEOPLE," NOT US PEOPLE, EH, MR. OLSEN? THEY COULD CARE ABOUT US PEOPLE!
THE BIG OPERATORS COME IN. THEY DON'T CARE. THEY KNOCK DOWN YOUR STORE. THEN TAKE YOUR APARTMENT. ANYTHING TO MAKE MORE MONEY!

ONE WAY
HAROLD IS SO COLD, SO VERY COLD. THERE IS NO PLACE WARM ANYMORE THAT HAROLD CAN GO.


HAROLD WILL BUILD A FIRE HE WILL FIND WOOD AND BUILD A FIRE. THEN HE WON'T BE COLD ANYMORE!

HE CAN BREAK THE WOOD IN HIS HANDS. HAROLD KNOWS HOW TO STAY ALIVE YOU TOOK EVERYTHING ELSE BUT YOU COULDN'T TAKE THAT FROM HAROLD ...SO COLD!

"HAROLD REMEMBERS HE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING YOU TOOK EVERYTHING ELSE AWAY FROM HAROLD, BUT YOU DIDN'T TAKE HIS MEMORY."
THAT'S A GOOD BOY, HAROLD. NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR MRS. MISHKIN AND HER CATS. WE WOULDN'T WANT LITTLE TOBY TO GO HUNGRY, WOULD WE?
IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOUR STORE? ARE THEY GOING TO TAKE IT AWAY?
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, MRS. MISHKIN? THE BIG GUYS COME IN. THEY WANT YOUR STORE. THEY GET IT I GOT NOTHIN IN THIS WORLD, MRS. MISHKIN
THEY TAKE MY STORE... AND THEY TAKE MY LIFE!
IT'S TERRIBLE THEY'RE BOARDING UP THE APARTMENTS IN MY BUILDING. NOT RENTING THEM NO MORE.
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF WORRYING ABOUT IT, MRS. MISHKIN?...
DON'T STAND AROUND, HAROLD! GO IN BACK AND CUT UP SOME OF THAT LAMB. OKAY?
THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE MY FATHER'S STORE AWAY FROM HIM! THEY'RE TEARING DOWN THE WHOLE STREET AND WE'RE IN THE WAY!
THEY TAKE THEIR BIG CLEAVERS AND THEY CUT UP THE STREETS...
LIKE THIS!
AND LIKE THIS!
WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE ANYMORE! WE'RE GONNA COME AND BREAK YOU DOWN LIKE THIS!
GET OUT!
WE DON'T WANT YOU!
GET OUT!

HAROLD?

HAROLD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HAROLD! ...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I GOT THEM! I GOT THEM!
WHO? WHO DID YOU GET?

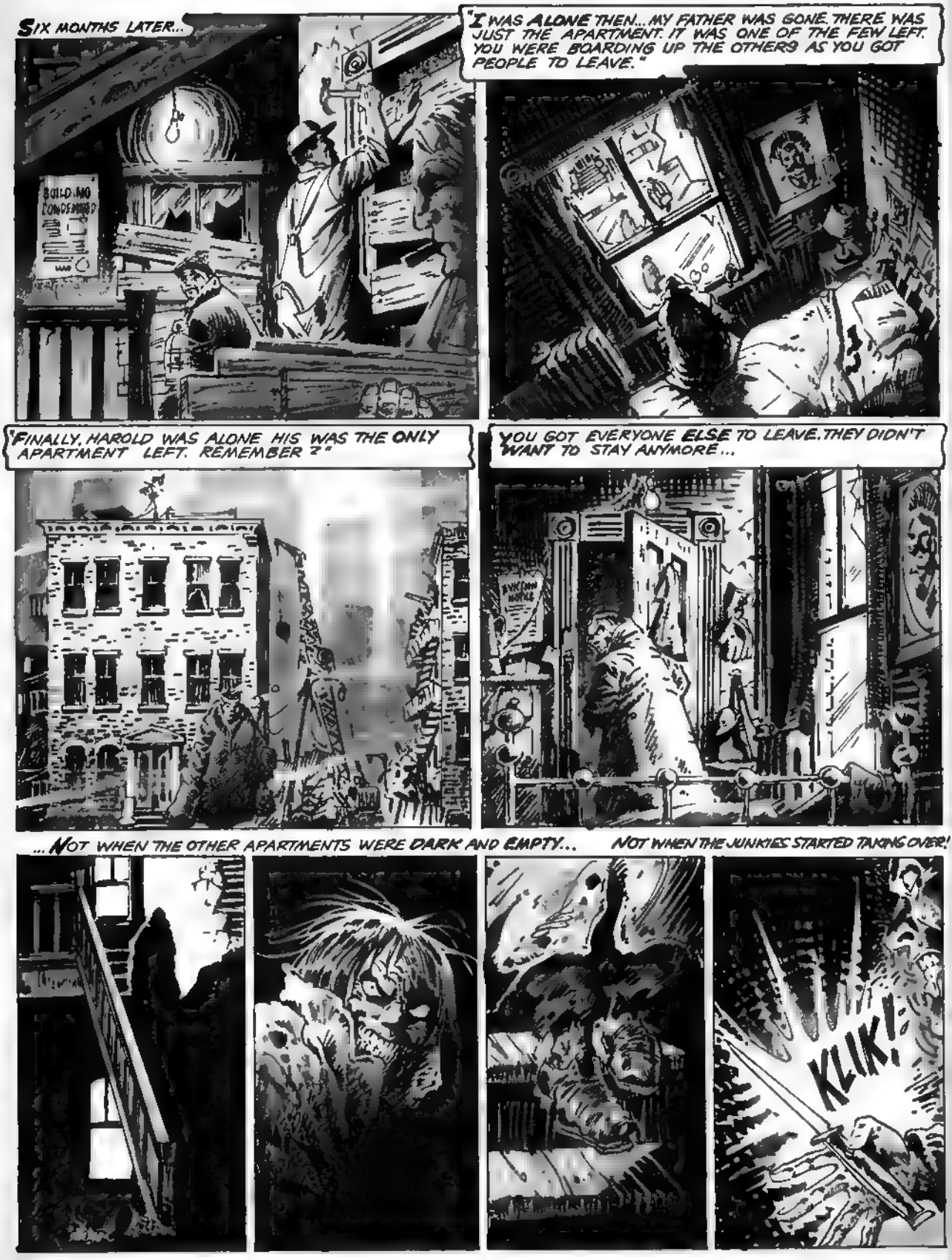
HAROLD KNOWS WHO YOU ARE... WHAT YOU MADE HIM DO... YOU TOOK THE BUTCHER SHOP AWAY, BUT STILL YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED...

"FATHER DIED... YOU CUT HIS HEART OUT WHEN YOU TOOK AWAY THE STORE..."

BUT YOU STILL WANTED MORE, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN FULL, HAVE YOU? YOUR NEED IS UNQUENCHABLE!

"THE APARTMENT HOUSE WE LIVED IN... REMEMBER IT? YOU WANTED THAT, TOO, DIDN'T YOU? IT WAS IN THE WAY. EVERYTHING'S ALWAYS IN THE WAY."

THEY SENT ME A NOTICE! THEY WANT ME OUT! WE GOTTA GET OUT, IT SAYS. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, WE GOTTA LEAVE!
THIS IS THE ONLY HOME WE GOT!
OH, IT'S TERRIBLE! THEY THINK IF YOU LIVE IN AN APARTMENT, IT'S NOT A HOME!
IF YOU GOT AN APARTMENT, YOU'RE A NOBODY!


SIX MONTHS LATER...
BUILD NO CONDEMNED
"I WAS ALONE THEN... MY FATHER WAS GONE. THERE WAS JUST THE APARTMENT. IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW LEFT. YOU WERE BOARDING UP THE OTHERS AS YOU GOT PEOPLE TO LEAVE."
"FINALLY, HAROLD WAS ALONE. HIS WAS THE ONLY APARTMENT LEFT. REMEMBER?"
YOU GOT EVERYONE ELSE TO LEAVE. THEY DIDN'T WANT TO STAY ANYMORE...
...NOT WHEN THE OTHER APARTMENTS WERE DARK AND EMPTY...
NOT WHEN THE JUNKIES STARTED TAKING OVER!
KLIK!

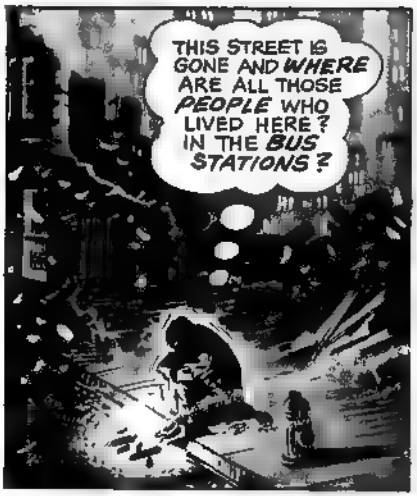
"ALWAYS THE JUNKIES! IT WAS AS IF YOU SENT THEM! GET HIM OUT! HE'S HOLDING EVERYTHING UP! WE COULD'VE HAD THE HOUSE BY NOW EXCEPT FOR HIM!"

IT GETS COLD HERE, LIVING IN THE STREET, LIVING ANYWHERE HAROLD CAN FIND...
UNDER STAIRS... IN THE ALL NIGHT LAUNDRY... IN THE BUS STATION...
BUS

EVERY DAY, THE SAME OLD PEOPLE COME HERE IF MY FATHER WAS ALIVE, MAYBE HE WOULD COME HERE THEY GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO... ALL THESE PEOPLE.
BOSTON
ALBANY

WHEN THE GUARD COMES, HE'S LIKE THE WIND.
HUNDRED STORY BUIL
COMPLETED TWICE
LOW COST HOUSING VETOED
HE BLOWS THE OLD, DEAD LEAVES AROUND AND THEN THEY SETTLE AGAIN. THEY GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.
NO LOITERING

YOU TOOK IT ALL AWAY, DIDN'T YOU? YOU LEFT US NOTHING. IT WAS LIKE SAYING WE WERE DIRT!
NO LOITERI


THIS STREET IS GONE AND WHERE ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE? IN THE BUS STATIONS?

HEY, YOU!

WE'VE HAD A COMPLAINT ABOUT YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY? TRYING TO BURN THE PLACE DOWN?
POLICE

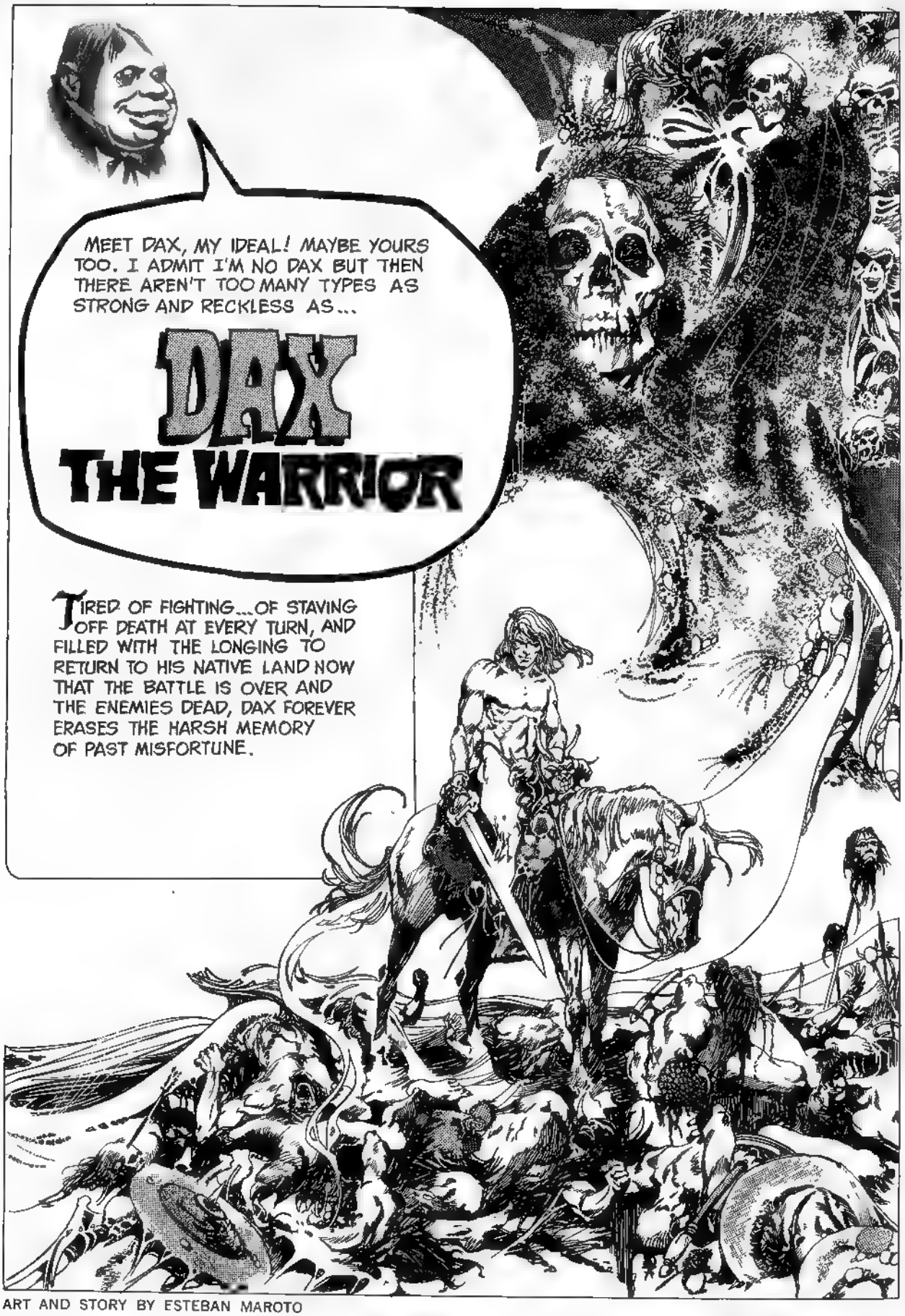
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GRINNING AT?
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?

COME ON! JUST COME OVER HERE QUIETLY, HUNH? I'M A CITY INSPECTOR. YOU'RE PROBABLY COLD, AREN'T YOU?
WE'RE NOT TOO BUSY TODAY.

SOME LAMB, SIR?
WE HAVE A SPECIAL ON LAMB TODAY...
C'MON, MACK. WE'RE GONNA GET MOVIN' NOW. IT'S PRETTY COLD HERE AND I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A REAL WARM SPOT...

SOME LIVER, PERHAPS?
WE HAVE THE FRESHEST THERE IS!
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE?
A HALF A POUND?

NO!
NO!
NO!
CHOP!
PRETTY CUTTING, EH? THAT WAS A REAL SLICE OF LIFE STORY FOR YOU! WELL, LIVER AND LET LIVER!



ART AND STORY BY ESTEBAN MAROTO

BEHIND LIES THE WAR WITH ITS ENDLESS AND FUTILE VIOLENCE. THE HORSE TOO IS EXHAUSTED, ITS STEP SLOW AND WEARY, AS IF NOW IT WISHED TO FINALLY EMBRACE THE EARTH.
SUDDENLY, IT IS ALMOST AS IF THE AIR ITSELF SPEAKS OF THE COMING OF A WOMAN! DAX HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THERE WERE WOMEN IN THE WORLD!
BY THE BLOOD OF EROS! THE GODS PROVIDE A MOST AGREEABLE WELCOME.
BOTH ARE YOUNG AND YOUTH HAS THE POWER. DAX AND THE GIRL TUMBLE INTO THE WATER, PLAYING A GAME AS ANCIENT AS THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN.

TIME STOPS FOR THE WARRIOR. NOW THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY MATTERS IS THE GIRL'S SOFT SKIN AND THE SMELL OF AUTUMN IN HER HAIR.
LET US GO AWAY FROM HERE, DAX. THIS IS NOT THE LAND FOR A LOVE SUCH AS OURS. LET US ESCAPE.
ESCAPE?... FROM WHOM? I FEAR NO ONE— NOT EVEN THE GODS, GIRL!
THE BEATING OF WINGS ECHOES THE WORDS OF DAX. THE VALLEY, TRANQUIL BUT MOMENTS AGO, SEEMS SUDDENLY OMINOUS WITH THE AWESOME SHADOW OF DEATH...
... BECOME A PHYSICAL THING OF HORROR!

DAX FIGHTS DESPERATELY WITH EVERYTHING THAT IS IN HIM BUT THE FIGHT IS HOPELESSLY SHORT. THE WARRIOR LACKS THE WEAPONS TO DEFEND HIMSELF AND A GIGANTIC CLAW GRASPS THE GIRL HE KNEW AS FREYA.

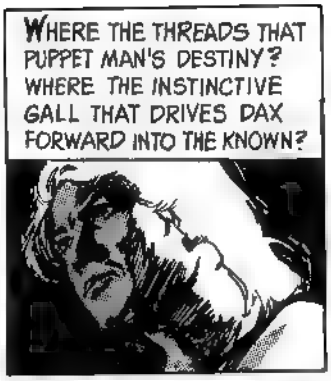
YAAAGGGHH

SWIFTLY, THE BIRD FUTTERS AWAY, TWIRLING DAX IN THE RUSH OF GIANT WINGS AND LEAVING HIM LITTLE MORE THAN AN IMPOTENT SCREAM OF FATE.

... SILENCE BECOME A TERROR AS HUGE, GROTESQUE FIGURES LOOM BEFORE HIM, CARRYING IN THEIR ARMS THE CORPSE OF THE GIRL FREYA AND ONE RESEMBLING HIS OWN.

WHO ARE YOU, PALE FIGURE, THAT YOU CAN SEE FAR INTO THE FUTURE AND KNOW OF THE END THAT AWAITS DAX? I DID NOT CHOOSE MY COMING INTO THIS WORLD. WHY THEN SHOULD I FEAR TO LEAVE IT?
THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN DEATH, YOUNG WARRIOR. LEAVE THIS PLACE NOW! YOUR HORSE, THOUGH IT IS NO MORE THAN A BRUTE UNTHINKING BEAST, HAS MORE SENSE OF DEATH THAN YOU. FOLLOW IT AND GO AWAY FROM HERE ... FOREVER!
YOUR MEMORY OF HER IS BEAUTIFUL. LET HER FACE ACCOMPANY YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS, UNTIL YOU FIND ANOTHER WOMAN WITH A FACE FAR MORE BEAUTIFUL!
THINK, DAX. IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU IF YOU REMEMBERED HER IN LIFE AND NOT IN DEATH. DO NOT PROVOKE A DEATH MOST UNNECESSARY.
NO! DAX DOES NOT LIVE ON THE FRAIL THREAD OF MEMORY!
LISTEN TO ME! BE YOU GOD, DEVIL OR MAN! WHILE BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH THESE VEINS, NOTHING CAN STOP DAX FROM REACHING THE WOMAN!
VERY WELL, WARRIOR! ADVANCE!

IT WILL BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO FIND HER CALLED FREYA IN THE ALL-ENVELOPING DARKNESS AND MIST.
BUT I WILL! FOR I AM A MAN, WARRIOR-BORN!


WHERE THE THREADS THAT PUPPET MAN'S DESTINY? WHERE THE INSTINCTIVE GALL THAT DRIVES DAX FORWARD INTO THE KNOWN?

BODIES. THE SORRY VICTIMS OF THE HELL BEAST.

A VOICE! IT SEEMS TO WHISPER SOMETHING... FREYA IS ALIVE!... SHE CALLS TO ME!
DAX . MY LOVE ...DO NOT LEAVE FREYA.

TAKE YOUR CLAWS FROM HER, CREATURE OF SHADOWS!

COME, MY LOVE. I WILL TAKE YOU FROM HERE. ONCE MORE WE WILL FEEL THE ALL-KNOWING SUN EMBRACE OUR SKIN... AS ONE!

WE WILL LISTEN TO THE CHURNING WAVES IN THE MOON-LIGHT.
NEVER WILL WE SEPARATE AGAIN.
I DID NOT TRULY BE-LIEVE THAT YOU WOULD FIND HER. I THOUGHT YOU INCAPABLE. BUT I SEE ONLY TOO WELL THAT MAN IS A CREATURE GOVERNED BY WILL. HE IS CAPABLE OF ALL IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS RIGHTS!
DO NOT KISS HER, DAX!
LEST YOU WOULD KNOWINGLY SPREAD LEPROSY OVER THE EARTH.
SOME JOKE ON OLD DAX, HUNH? POOR SOUL. YOU WIN SOME! YOU LOSE SOME, I GUESS. DAX GOT DECKED ON THAT DEAL. WE'LL LOOK IN ON DAX NEXT TIME AROUND.

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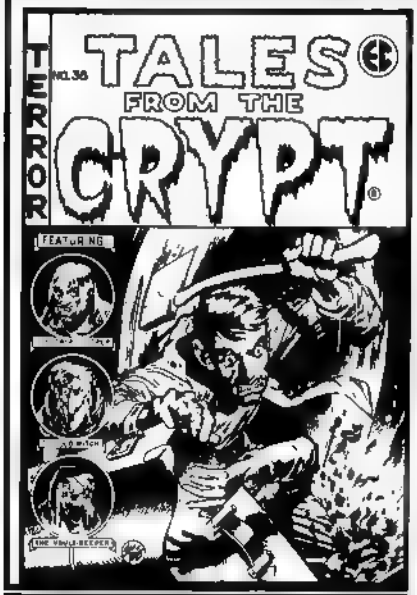

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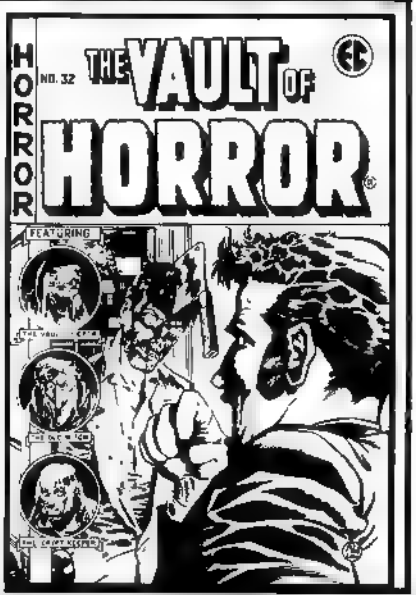

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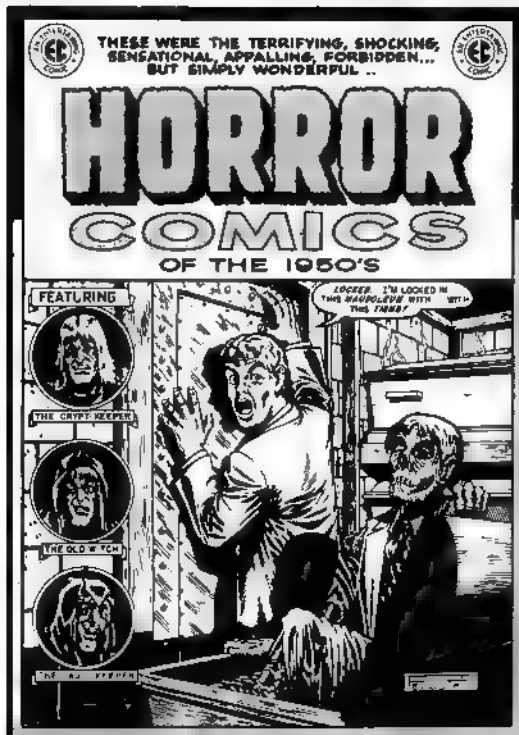

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STOP ANDROS PALMER! WE KNOW YOUR NAME, YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM US FOR LONG! WHY FORFEIT YOUR ***FREEDOM*** FOR A LOUSY SENSORY TAPE MACHINE?

HEEDLESS OF THE POLICE WARNING, ANDROS PALMER DESPERATELY VAULTS INTO A NEARBY HOVERCAB, SENSORY TAPE MACHINE STILL CLUTCHED UNDER HIS ARM...

YOUR DESTINATION, CITIZEN?

JUST STRAIGHT AHEAD, MACHINE! AND MAKE IT ***FAST!***

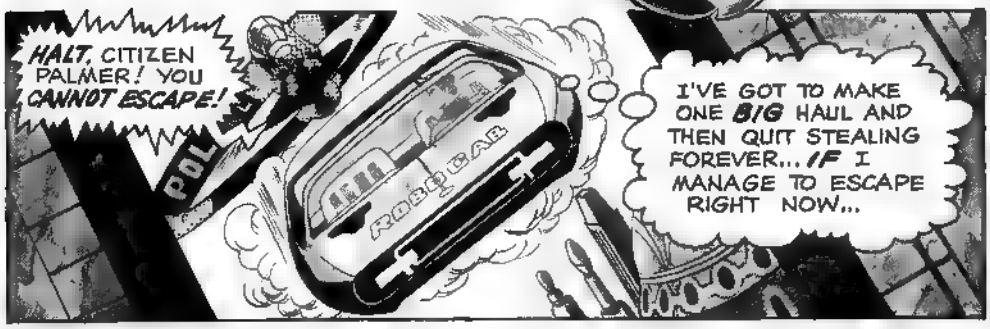
COP-TERS! DAMN THE POLICE AND THEIR TECHNOLOGICAL EFFICIENCY! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW...

IN THE FACE OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY AND NEAR INESCAPABLE POLICE METHODS, WHAT CAN A POOR THIEF DO EXCEPT...

OUT YOU GO, TIN-MAN! THESE COPPERS ARE GONNA HAVE A RUN FOR THEIR CREDITS NOW!

HALT, ANDROS PALMER! FLIGHT IS ***USELESS!*** YOU CANNOT ESCAPE US!

OVER-POPULATION AND THE DICTATED NECESSITY FOR CONSERVED SPACE PROVIDES A BOON FOR THE THIEF IN THE FORM OF TWO CLOSELY-PACKED BUILDINGS...



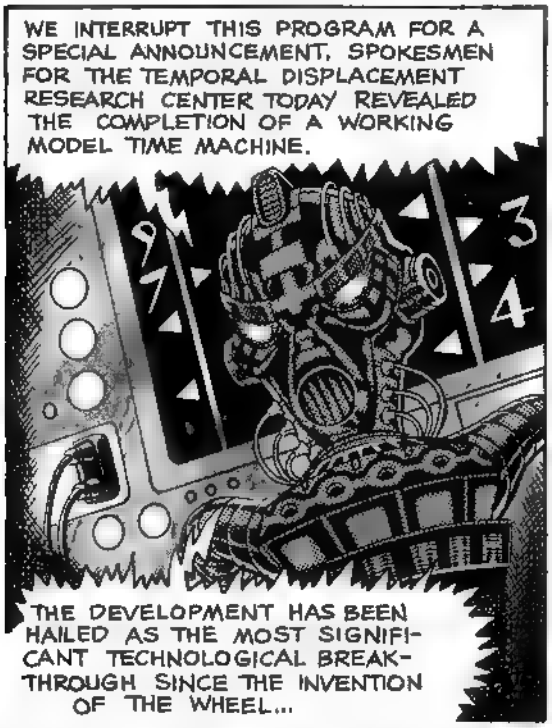
FOR ANDROS PALMER THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF THE TWO BUILDINGS PROVIDES HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE... FOR THE PURSUING COP-TER IT PROVIDES DEVASTATION IN A SHATTERING COLLISION OF PLASTISTEEL... AND THE THIEF'S ESCAPE IS ENSURED, JUST AS CERTAINLY AS...

YESTERDAY IS THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW

ART BY DAVE COCKRUM / STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

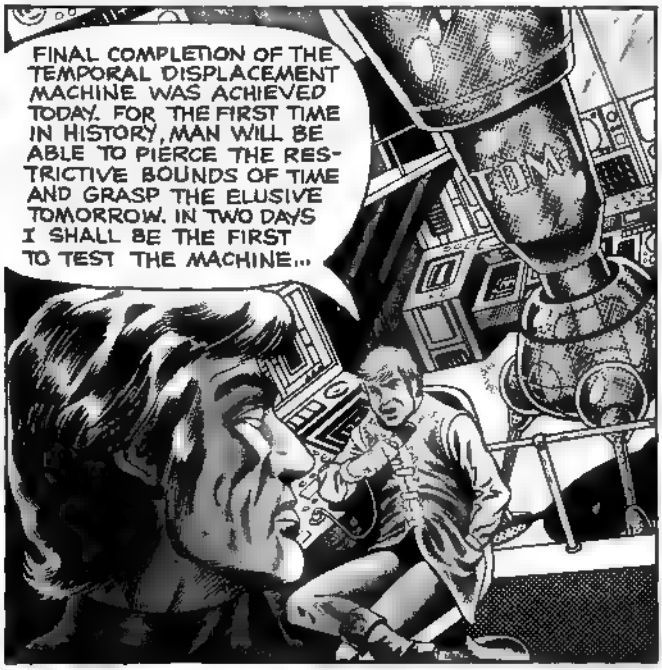
A HELTER-SKELTER MADFLIGHT THROUGH THE JUTTING COMPLEX OF A PLASTISTEEL SKYLINE, AND PALMER REACHES HIS HOME GROUNDS... A 25TH CENTURY SLUM OF SLEAZY CONDOMINIUM APARTMENTS..

EVEN A THIEF FINDS THAT BROODING GOES BETTER IN THE COMPANY OF A (STOLEN) HOLOGRAPHIC TRI-DEE SET...



STEALTH AND THE NIGHT: A THIEF'S CLOSEST FRIENDS...

THE TIME MACHINE GLEAMS INVITINGLY, ITS ACCESS BLOCKED ONLY BY ONE LATE-WORKING SCIENTIST WHO DICTATES HIS NOTES INTO A VAST COMPUTER BANK...



THE ABSORBED SCIENTIST NEVER ***SEES*** OR ***HEARS*** HIS ASSAILANT... HE ONLY ***FEELS*** THE FINGERS LIKE STEEL CONSTRICT AROUND HIS THROAT...

...AS I EMBARK ON A JOURNEY TO THE FAR-OFF FU... ***AAARRGGHH!***

FOOL! THE ONLY JOURNEY YOU'LL BE EMBARKING ON WILL BE THE JOURNEY TO ***DEATH!***

THE TIME MACHINE'S INSTRUMENT PANEL PROVES TO BE CHILDISHLY SIMPLE TO OPERATE. ANDROS PALMER SETS THE TIME-DESTINATION DIAL WITH SCARCELY RESTRAINED ANTICIPATION...

THIS IS 2642... THIRTY YEARS INTO THE FUTURE SHOULD DO IT... DON'T WANT TO GO TOO FAR AND FIND THE WORLD HAS BEEN OBLITERATED BY NUCLEAR WAR OR SOMETHING!

SEQUENCE AG-3 READY

BC AD 2762

SO, 2672 IT IS...

HANDS TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, ANDROS PALMER EASES THE ACCELERATION LEVER INTO THE FOWARD POSITION. THE MACHINE BEGINS THROBBING AND VIBRATING WITH TEETH-GRITTING FORCE AND A HIGH KEENING WHINE FILLS THE THIEF'S EARS AS HIS JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE BEGINS...

IN THIRTY YEARS' TIME THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY MORE INVENTIONS DEVELOPED... MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR MY NEEDS...

THE RECURRING CYCLE OF DAY TO NIGHT PASSES AS SWIFTLY AS THE RAPID FLICKERING OF A STROBE LIGHT... AND THE ENTIRE PERIOD OF THIRTY YEARS IS COMPRESSED INTO A FEW FLEETING SECONDS...

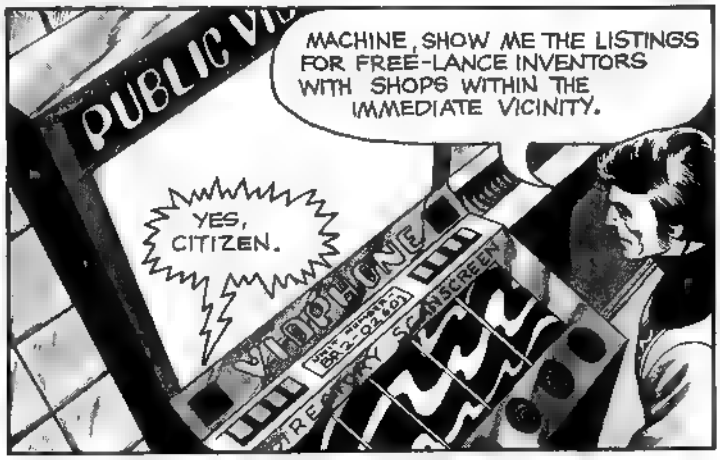
THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. *HMMM*. SO THIS IS 2672. LOOKS AS IF THE TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT BUILDING HAS BEEN ABANDONED.

BETTER TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE...

IT'S ***UNBELIEVABLE!*** WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT A CITY COULD PROGRESS SO ***MUCH*** IN THIRTY YEARS? SUCH ADVANCED HOVERCARS...

ROBOCOPS AND SANI-ROBS! PEOPLE WOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO ***SURVIVE*** WITHOUT MACHINES IN THIS AGE, OR EVEN IN ***MY*** AGE...

...WHICH IS EXACTLY WHY MY PLAN WILL WORK SO PERFECTLY! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEAL THE BLUE-PRINT PLANS FOR SOME OF THESE MACHINES, TAKE THEM BACK TO MY TIME, PATENT THEM, AND LIVE A LIFE OF LUXURY AS THE MOST BRILLIANT INVENTOR OF MY TIME!



A SHORT DISTANCE ON THE SLIDEWALK BRINGS ANDROS PALMER TO THE RICHLY APPOINTED WORKSHOP OF OLD GRAL THARKOS...

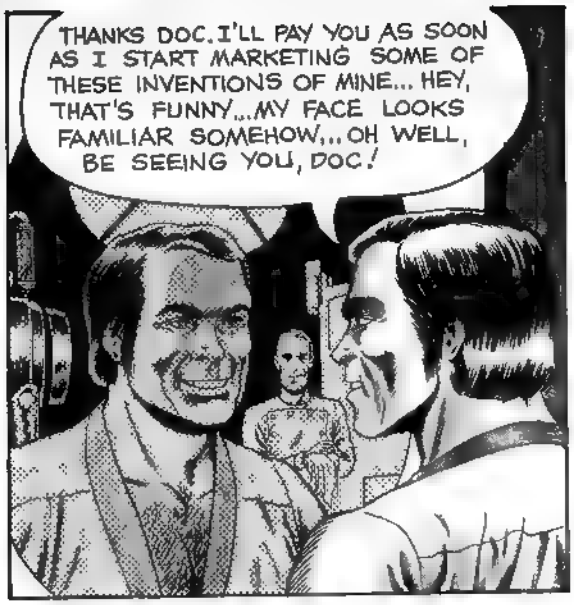
THE THIEF'S CHARACTERISTIC STEALTH DOES NOT, HOWEVER, EXTEND TO THE DOOR ITSELF WHICH CREAKS LOUDLY AS HE PUSHES IT INWARD...

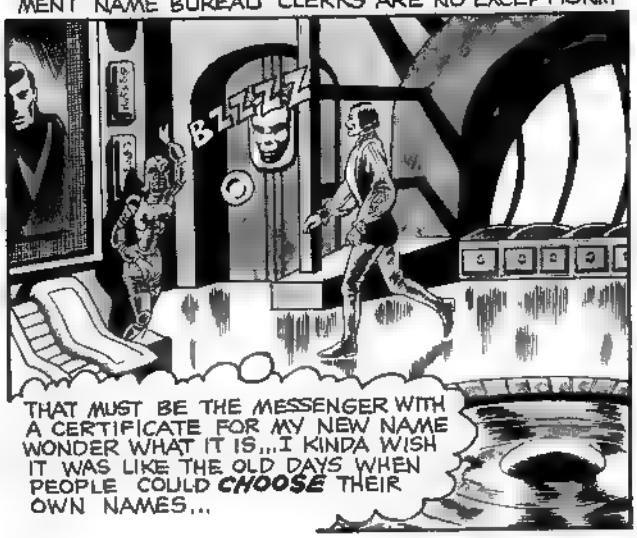
...AND CAUSES THE OLD INVENTOR TO SPIN IN ALARM AS HE FACES THE INTRUDING ANDROS PALMER...

EVEN FUTURISTICALLY *IMPROVED* TUMBLER LOCKS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE SENSITIVE FINGERTIPS OF A MASTER SAFE CRACKER LIKE ANDROS PALMER...

SCARCELY ABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF, ANDROS PALMER SETS THE TIME-DESTINATION DIAL BACK TO 2642 AND, WITH THE SAME AWESOME VIBRATING AND WHISTLING SOUND, THE REVERSE JOURNEY BACK THROUGH TIME BEGINS...

A VISIT TO A SURGEON WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS CONFIDENCE WITH THE UNDERWORLD, AND ANDROS PALMER'S PREVIOUS FACE IS RESHAPED TO FEATURES *UNKNOWN* BY THE POLICE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE COMPUTER BANKS...


THANKS DOC. I'LL PAY YOU AS SOON AS I START MARKETING SOME OF THESE INVENTIONS OF MINE... HEY, THAT'S FUNNY...MY FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW,..OH WELL, BE SEEING YOU, DOC!


EVEN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS CAN BE BRIBED, AS ANDROS PALMER WELL KNOWS... AND GOVERNMENT NAME BUREAU CLERKS ARE NO EXCEPTION...
BZZZZZ
THAT MUST BE THE MESSENGER WITH A CERTIFICATE FOR MY NEW NAME WONDER WHAT IT IS...I KINDA WISH IT WAS LIKE THE OLD DAYS WHEN PEOPLE COULD CHOOSE THEIR OWN NAMES...

CERTIFICATE OF NAME CHANGE FOR RESIDENT.
YEAH, THAT'S ME.
WELL, AT LEAST IT'LL BE A NAME! THERE'S BEEN TALK ABOUT PUTTING EVERYONE ON NUMBERS NOW THAT THERE'S SO MANY PEOPLE...

LIKE ANY MAN UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES, ANDROS PALMER OPENS THE CERTIFICATE WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CURIOSITY... ONLY TO FIND...
CERTIFICATE
OF NAME CHANGE
24 MAY 2642
FROM THIS DATE HENCEWARD, CITIZEN ANDROS PARMER SHALL BE REGISTERED AS:
GRAL THARKOS
GRAL THARKOS?!?
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE...

AND THEN THE TRUTH, THE SUPREME IRONY OF THE SITUATION, BEGINS TO DAWN UPON HIM...
TIME'S UP! ONE THING ABOUT THIS TALE HAS MY HEAD SPINNING: IF ANDROS STOLE THOSE MACHINE BLUEPRINTS FROM AN OLDER VERSION OF HIMSELF, WHERE DID THEY COME FROM IN THE FIRST PLACE?"
THIS OTHER CERTIFICATE OF LEASE WITH THE ADDRESS OF MY NEW INVENTION WORKSHOP... IT'S THE SAME BUILDING WHERE I MURDERED GRAL THARKOS...AND NOW I'M GRAL THARKOS MYSELF! I MUST SPEND THE NEXT THIRTY YEARS WONDERING JUST EXACTLY WHEN I'LL KILL MYSELF! (CHOKE)
END

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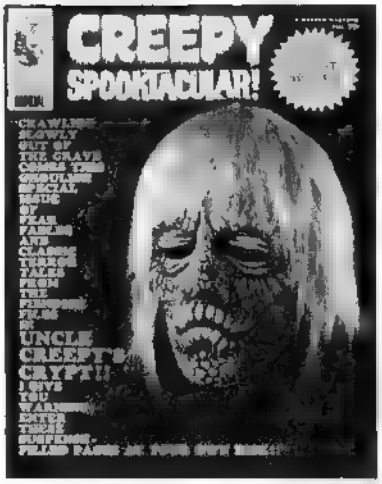

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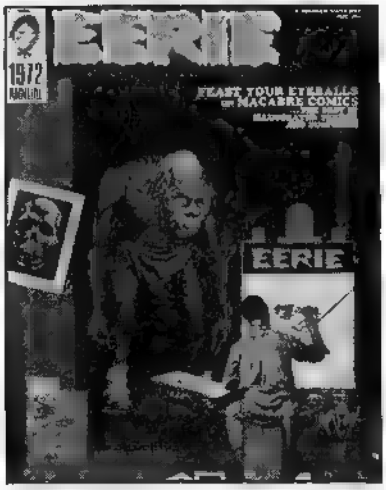

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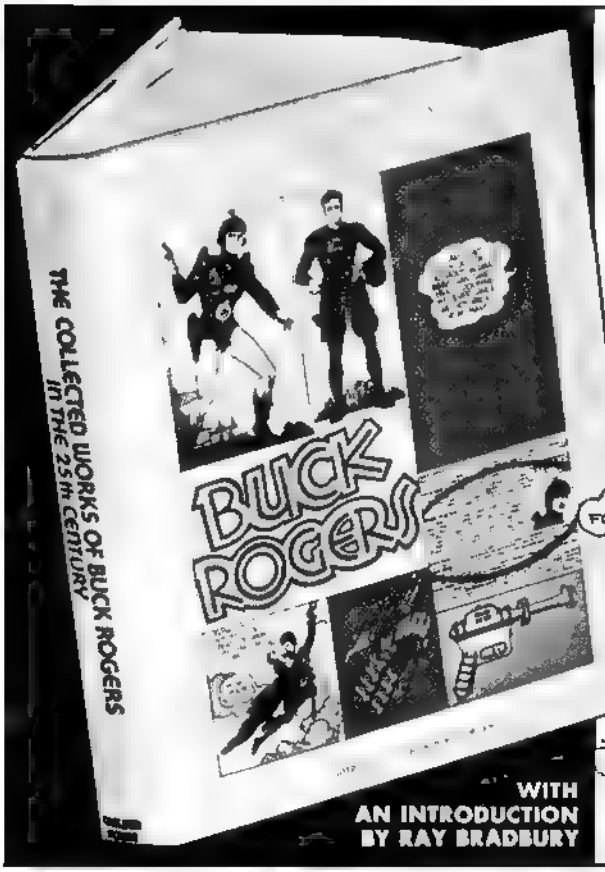

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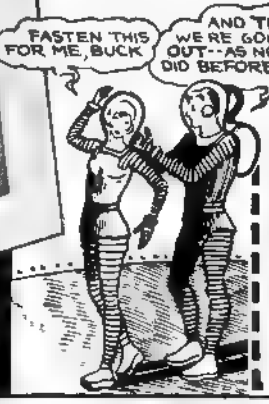

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PITY THE STRANGER

By Greg Balke, Grand Ridge, Ill.

Its brakes squealing, the train pulled to a halt in front of the old and dilapitated station house. The hand-painted sign "Quinnville — Population 49" banged back and forth in the wind. Frank Russell turned to the conductor and asked, "Why are we stopping here? I don't recall Quinnville being listed as one of our stops."

"You're quite right, sir,' the old man answered, avoiding Russell's eyes "Quinnville isn't listed on your brochure However we stop here every Wednesday more or less as a public service." As he spoke, the conductor waded through the aisle looking for newspapers wedged inbetween the seats, mementoes of his passengers. "We'll be here about 25 minutes There's a pretty good diner right down the street." The conductor discovered a Chicago paper and folded it neatly under his arm, muttering, "Meatless . . . but I guess he'll have to do." He seemed to be evaluating Russell by the remark. The old man left the car and Russell was alone, sure the conductor was senile. He thought of the sound heavy train doors make when they clang shut, something like a meat locker He was the only passenger left at this juncture. The other passengers, what few there were, had disembarked along the way

Making his way through the empty cars, Russell saw a young girl, no more than 20 years old. She had long flowing black hair that fell to her hips. "I don't remember seeing you before," Russell said. "Who are you? Where'd you come from?" He considered a moment. "Sorry, miss, but you startled me. I thought I was the only one left on this train."

"Oh, I understand," she said. 'No need to apologize. I live here in town, Mr. Russell, and I was wondering if I could show you around."

"That's very kind of you but how'd you know my name?"

"Oh, I . . . er . . . have an arrangement with Harry. He's the conductor. Shall we go?" she asked, pointing the way.

"Hang on a sec, miss," Russell said, "Let me get my bag"

"You won't be needing it where you're going," she said, preceding him down the steps. Cold air ruffled his hair and he felt the chill to his marrow Gotta gain some weight, he thought. I won't feel the cold so bad.

"Mind if I ask you what you meant by that?" Russell asked, smiling. She's awfully pretty, he thought to himself

"Well, Mr. Russell, let me explain. Harry and I live here alone in Quinnville We got rid of everybody else. Now hardly anybody ever comes through this way anymore so we have to get food any way we can." Her eyes motioned to an unmistakable stack of human bones and skull sitting in a garbage can "There's last night's supper," she said coldly. "You do understand now, don't you, Mr. Russell?" Suddenly he knew she wasn't joking and that the conductor was far from senile.

"My God!" he blurted. "You aren't kidding!" The words stuck in his throat as he turned and saw the conductor right behind him, a huge, double-bladed axe hefted high

* * *

The train squeaked as it pulled in by the Quinnville station house. Joseph Ford looked up as the conductor appeared in the doorway of his car. "Why are we stopping here? I've never even heard of Quinnville!" The conductor's stomach growled as he reached for his shotgun. ■

Grinning skeleton was drawn by STEVE MONSANTO.

Warrior on bird-back was sketched by EERIE fan artist JODY CLAY of New York.

HOUSE FOR SALE
By Roy Decker

Eric Deston had had just about enough driving for one day. It seemed as if he was driving his wife all over creation in search of an interesting house on sale. He was about to turn the car around for the last time when she blurted, "Eric dear, isn't that house for sale? Can't we go over and just take a peek? It looks awfully homey!"

"Alright, Olive. But this is the last one. I want to get going."

He sat quietly in the car as she walked off to investigate.

"Eric, you're not going to believe this," she said, all smiles, "but this house is the property of the county now and it's only about a thousand dollars."

That was it, of course. He knew he had to buy the house or he would never hear the end of it. They moved in about a week later. Eric thought it was a wierd old house but his wife Olive was crazy about it.

"Don't worry, Eric. We'll make it livable! You'll love it! Really!" She was upstairs, while Eric sat in the living room, waiting. They had a dinner date and she was late in getting ready.

"Why do you like this place so much?" Eric called, walking up the stairs, splinters from the bannister catching in his hand. He heard the sound of wings before him and looked up. Olive had become some kind of flying vampire.

"Because this is home, honey," she shouted, fangs bared. "This is where I died the first time." He heard a swishing sound and knew it was all over. ■

EERIE reader Gary Henry of Potsmouth, Va. sent us this haunting tale of the past . . .

THE COMING OF APOLLO
By Gary Henry

The Acropolis fell into shadow as the morning sun sank into the sky. The crowds waited in hushed awe for the word to come true. Had not the priests prophesied of a new God who would descend on them? Night came and the crowds grew silent as a fleck of red dot shot through the star studded sky The dot became clearer and it seemed as if it was a bright chariot afire in the sky It came nearer and crowds standing by were dispersed by the flames and shooting sparks. Truly, this was a merciless God for already the Acropolis was badly burned and hundreds of people were dead. The smoke cleared and a small hole opened in the side of the metallic craft. The survivors watched as their God stepped from the craft. It was Captain Johnson of the United World Time Fleet and he had no idea what to say to the crowds. ■

WELCOMING COMMITTEE
By Marcus Octavious

"Free at last!" Chris rejoiced, swallowing fresh air for the first time in ages. "No more white jackets or cold water on my head every day!"

It was dark and Chris headed straight home. When he got there, he saw that the house was dark and locked. He groped for the key under the door mat. "Just where I left it!" he exclaimed. He turned the key in the lock and entered his family's house. Although the front room was dark, he walked to the davenport. A loose board creaked under his walk. He bent down to see why, holding a lighted match to the floor. There just beneath the floorboard was the decayed head of his father. Chris held it high and smiled. "Hi, dad! I'm home!" He wondered where he had left his mother's head. Yes, Chris was finally home. ■

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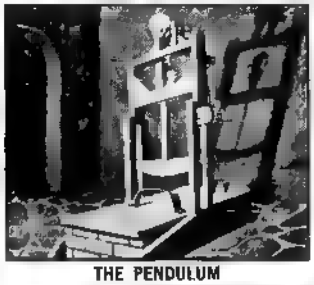

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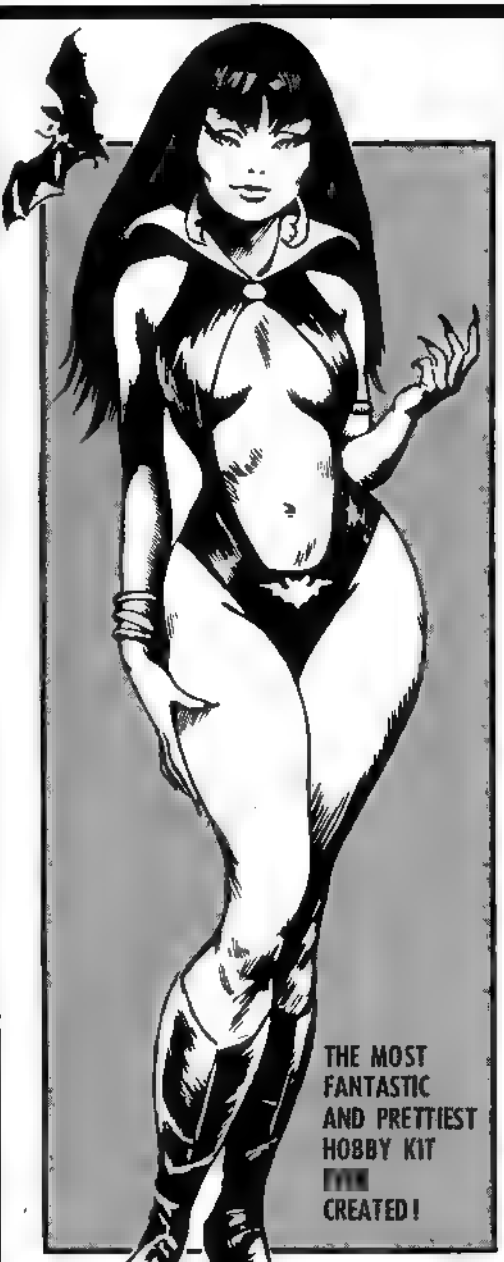

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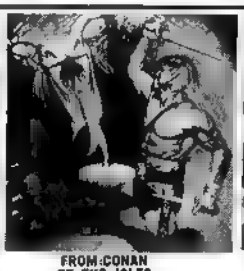

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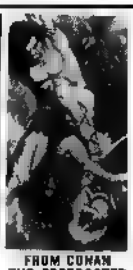

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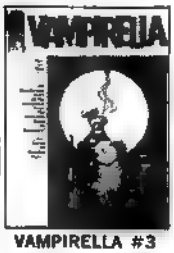

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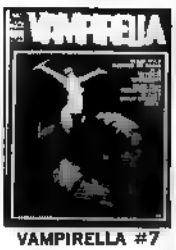

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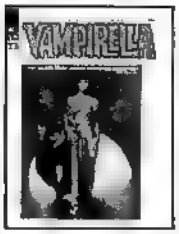

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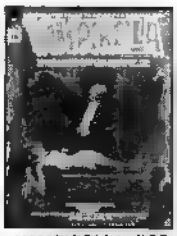

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HERE'S A HEARTY LITTLE TALE WHICH WILL TUG AT YOUR PULMONARIES, WRITTEN WITH THE "STROKE" OF GENIUS... AND THE BEAT GOES ON...

ORTAA!

MAY THE GODS OF WARFARE AND DEATH FEAST WELL UPON THE RICH, RED WINE WHICH FLOWS FROM THIS OFFERING.

AAAAHEEE! HOOHOO!

SEE MY MOTHER, PRIEST. HELD BY YOUR GUARDS.

IF I DIE, NO ONE IS LEFT TO PROVIDE FOR HER. BY AZTEC LAW, THE AGED WOMAN IS TO BE PUT TO DEATH!

THE GODS OF THE DESERT KNOW NO MERCY. YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE COUNCIL OF PRIESTS. IT IS ENOUGH.

IT IS THE HOUR OF DEATH FOR YOU, CHLAN. I HAVE READ YOUR FATE IN THE STARS AND IN THE CALENDAR OF 52 CYCLES.

THE GODS DEMAND THE *PUMP* FROM WHICH BLOOD CURSES IN YOUR VEINS. I SHALL REMOVE IT NOW.

GAAAAA!

ART BY JAIME BROCAL / STORY BY KEVIN PAGAN

NOOOOO! DON'T TOUCH ME!
GOOD GOD. ADAM'S DREAMING AGAIN.
YOU'VE HAD VIOLENT NIGHTMARES EVER SINCE WE STARTED THIS EXPEDITION, ADAM. WHY? AND WHY WON'T YOU TELL US THE NATURE OF THEM?
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, LEE. SORRY... I GUESS THE FOOD SUPPLIES JUST DON'T AGREE WITH MY STOMACH.
ADAM, IF ANYTHING IS WRONG, MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL THIS TRIP OFF.
TAKE IT EASY, ROSEMARIE. I SAID I'M FINE
THE FOUR OF US AGREED SPECIFICALLY ON THIS PROJECT. WE MUST PROVE TO THE UNIVERSITY THAT THE AZTEC RACE ACTUALLY ORIGINATED IN THE ARIZONA-NEW MEXICO AREA!
YES, SO FAR, THIS HAS ONLY BEEN GUESSED AT. IF WE CAN PROVE IT...
I HATE TO BREAK UP YOUR SCHOLARLY DISCUSSION, BUT IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. WE OUGHT TO BE CATCHING SOME SLEEP TO PREPARE US FOR THE LONG DAY WE'VE PLANNED TOMORROW.
PAUL IS RIGHT WE'D BETTER TURN IN NOW. G'NIGHT, GROUP.
PLEASANT DREAMS, ADAM... I HOPE.
MY NAME... IS... CHLAN... CHLAN!

HERE! STOP THE JEEP HERE!
HUH? I THOUGHT WE DECIDED TO STOP IN TUCSON...
WHAT'S WITH YOU, ADAM? THIS IS A VASTER WASTELAND THAN TV. NO REASON TO STOP HERE.
THERE IS A REASON. THE BEST OF REASONS. I KNOW. I CAN SENSE IT.
ORTAA WAITS FOR ME. ORTAA. ORTAA!
HEY WAIT UP. WHERE'RE YOU GOING WITH THAT PICKAXE?
WHAT IN HELL IS "ORTAA", ADAM?
GET BACK! I'VE GOT TO DO THIS MYSELF. DIG TO ORTAA MYSELF. I FEEL HIS FORCE... HIS WILL... DRIVING ME!...
MY GOD, LEE. IS HE ON DRUGS?
HE'S COMPLETELY IRRATIONAL. PROBABLY DANGEROUS.
THIS IS PAUL, ADAM. HOW ABOUT PUTTING DOWN THAT AXE?
LOOK OUT!
I'LL SPLIT YOUR HEAD WITH IT...
UNNNGHH!!
CHOKK!
HE'S OUT, LEE. WE OUGHTTA GET HIM TO A DOCTOR...
PAUL! LEE! THE CLIFF...

IT'S OPENING...
ADAM WAS RIGHT. THERE IS SOMETHING HERE. HIS AXE MUST HAVE STRUCK SOME HIDDEN LEVER IN THE ROCK.
HE LIES SILENTLY ON HARSH ROCKY GROUND, NOT HEARING THE ASTONISHED CRIES OF HIS FRIENDS WHO HAVE BECOME ALIENS... AND HIS MIND DRIFTS BACK.
LET'S EXPLORE THE CAVE, LEE.
OUR GODS HAVE BEEN APPEASED. THE SACRED ORGAN OF BLOOD FILLS THE BOWL.
SWINE! YOU MURDERING SWINE!
YOU SPEAK OF WORSHIP. YOU SPEAK OF GREAT AND POWERFUL GODS. BUT NO TRUE GOD COULD ENDURE THE SADISM AND EVIL WHICH MAKES MOCKERY OF OUR RELIGION...
I CALL NOW UPON THE AZTEC GODS... ENTREAT THEM! LET THEM CURSE US FOR OUR SINS! DAMN US FOR OUR EVIL! MAY WE ALL REAP HORROR AND DEATH!
CHILLING, HURRICANE-FORCE WINDS FOLLOW THE AGED WOMAN'S ECHOING VOICE. SPRINGING FROM NOWHERE, THEY KILL THE TORCHES, AND AN ATMOSPHERE OF UNSEEN, IMPENDING HORROR FILLS THE TEMPLE...
THESE GALES. FROM WHERE DO THEY COME?
BE STILL, MY PEOPLE. SURELY THE GODS WOULD NOT CURSE THEIR OWN CHILDREN.
B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM!
THAT SOUND. THAT TERRIBLE THROBBING. WHAT IS IT?
IT COMES FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE ALTAR... GROWS LOUDER WITH EACH FLEETING SECOND.
HIGH PRIEST, WHAT COURSE SHOULD WE TAKE? HIGH PRIEST? ARE YOU WITH US?
AAPAPAAAA!

EEEEEYAAAAAAA!
ROSEMARY. WHAT...?
LEE AND PAUL PUT YOU HERE IN THE JEEP. WE THOUGHT YOU'D BE OUT FOR AWHILE. THEN THEY TOOK SOME FLASH-LIGHTS AND WENT INTO THE CAVE. I WANTED TO STAY AND LOOK AFTER YOU.
ARE YOU FEELING ANY... BETTER, ADAM? YOU HAD A DREAM
HE STARES AT THE OMINOUS MAW IN THE CLIFF FACE, AND MEMORIES LASH HIS HAZY BRAIN... IMAGES OF A NIGHT OF MONSTROUS CARNAGE CENTURIES PAST. OF A BEAST SUMMONED FROM THE CRYPTS OF HELL...
TELL ME, ROSE. DO YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION?
REINCARNATION? YOU MEAN ABOUT PREVIOUS LIVES?
ALL THESE DREAMS I'VE HAD. SINCE WE DROVE TO THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. THEY TELL ME MY NAME IS... WAS... CHLAN.
I DIED AGES AGO IN AN AZTEC TEMPLE, AND BECAUSE OF MY DEATH THE OLD GODS SENT DOWN A MONSTER TO DESTROY THE PEOPLE. A MONSTER CREATED FROM MY OWN UNLIVING BODY.
"THAT'S WHY THE AZTECS FLED THIS AREA AND MIGRATED TO MEXICO. THE MONSTER PLAGUED THEM. EVEN THOUGH THEY ENCLOSED IT IN THEIR TEMPLE-CAVE, THEY WERE STILL AFRAID. FOR THE ORTAA DOES NOT DIE."
SOME FIND, PAUL! AN AUTHENTIC AZTEC KIVA, OR CEREMONIAL CHAMBER. THIS PROVES OUR THEORY. THE RACE ORIGINATED FROM...
HEY, DO YOU CATCH THAT ODD SOUND, LEE?

"ORTAA. WHY DO I CALL THE MONSTER THAT? IT'S NOT AN AZTEC WORD. IT IS SOMETHING FROM MY MIND. MY MIND..."

B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM!

I HAD VAGUE NOTICE OF IT WHEN WE ENTERED. SOME CONTINUOUS THROBBING, ALWAYS GETTING LOUDER..

LOUDER IS RIGHT! MY EARS ARE BURSTING! WHAT COULD CAUSE SUCH A DIN...

EEEEEEYAAAAAAA

OH MY GOD! THAT'S THE BOYS!

HE KNOWS WHAT GHASTLY APPARITION CAUSES THE HYSTERICALLY MAD SCREAMING. HE IS CHLAN... WHO FEELS EMPATHY WITH THE MONSTER HE HAS NAMED ORTAA...

STAY IN THE JEEP, ROSE. I'LL JUST TAKE THIS SHOVEL WITH ME. I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.

ADAM, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT IS...?

HE REALIZES HIS MISSION BY SENSE-PSYCHIC INSTINCT. AN EVIL PART OF HIM, AGES OLD, WAITS IN THE TEMPLE-CAVE. IT MUST BE DESTROYED.

...AND HE KNOWS THAT *IT* WILL TRY TO DESTROY *HIM*

B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM!

IN THE BACK OF MY MIND... I "HEAR" ORTAA SUMMONING ME TO MY DEATH.

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING YET. EYES HAVE TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS. BUT I KNOW I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. CENTURIES BEFORE.

THAT SOUND.

B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM!

GAAAAAPAA!

ORTAA!

HE RECOGNIZES IT! HIS OWN BEATING HEART... CUT FROM THE BODY OF A YOUNG AZTEC WARRIOR... TRANSFORMED BY THE CURSE OF ANCIENT GODS TO A SINGULAR LIVING ORGANISM... A NOW GIGANTIC BEHEMOTH... EMBODYING NAKED EVIL AND DEATH!
B-DUMM! B-DUMM! B-DUMM!
MY GOD... PAUL!
SHAF!
B-DUMM! B-DUMM!
THE RHYTHMIC BOOMING OF THE OUTSIZED, PULSATING ORGAN-THING DEAFENS HIM. HE SCREAMS. THE SIGHT OF HIS FRIENDS' CRUSHED CORPSES IS A BRUTAL FIST STRIKING HIS SHOCKED SENSES.
YOU'VE KILLED PAUL... LEE! NOW I'LL KILL YOU!
I CAN DESTROY YOU! ONLY I HAVE THE POWER! ONCE YOU WERE PART OF ME!
B-DUMM! B-DUMM!
CHOP!
UNHEARD SHRIEKS RIPPLE FROM THE WOUNDED, GIANT HORROR. LEATHERY, CONSTRICTING TENTACLES WRAP ABOUT THE HUMAN SLAYER. DIGGING INTO FLESH. CRUSHING CARTILAGE. SNAPPING RIBS.
...KEEP CHOPPING... GOTTA KEEP CHOPPING... KILL IT!
KILL... IT... KILL...
CHOP! CHOP!

ADAM? ARE YOU IN HERE? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
ADAM! DEAR LORD, ADAM!
... BRAIN'S CLEARING. UNDERSTAND MEANING... OF NAME... ORTAA. S-SCRAMBLED VERSION OF WORD...
PAUL... LEE... THAT HIDEOUS BLOODY THING. ALL DEAD IT'S SO... HORRIBLE!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, ADAM. I'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR FAST.
ORTAA... AORTA... ORTAA... HUMAN HEART...
NO, ROSE. DIDN'T REALIZE HOW CLOSE MY FATE WAS LINKED WITH THAT ANCIENT MONSTROSITY.
DO YOU... KNOW WHAT IS... KILLING ME RIGHT NOW? DO YOU?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT?
HEART ATTACK...
POOR ADAM... DIED OF A BROKEN HEART. BUT AT LEAST HE DIDN'T DIE IN "VEIN".
THE END

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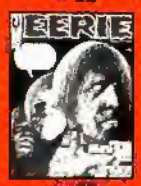
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